

44 Heavenly Demon Sect [2]

Lucas furrowed his brow, his thoughts racing as he considered the situation. If Thomas's account of the events from a century ago was accurate, then someone must have orchestrated the feud between the two sects. Although Lucas was unfamiliar with the intricate power dynamics of this realm, he recognized that only someone with considerable influence could engineer such a scheme. 1

"You're being foolish," Lucas said, shaking his head. His tone carried a weight born from experience. He had seen the true nature of cultivators, knowing they were often driven by power and cunning. Human nature, he realized, was no different among cultivators.

Jeric bristled at Lucas's words, his agitation manifesting in his tightened jaw and narrowed eyes.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded, his voice edged with frustration.

"It's not uncommon for someone to incite

conflict between two parties when neither stands to benefit," Lucas explained, his voice steady.

Jeric stiffened, the realization hitting him like a bolt of lightning. The Flower Dark Sect had nothing to gain from his son's death. As he replayed Lucas's words in his mind, his anger began to simmer.

"It's the Su family!" he declared, his voice rising with fervor. "Their offer of assistance always seemed suspicious. They're one of the Five Great Families on the continent and have been trying to expand their influence to the east. They must have wanted to weaken our sect by pitting us against the Flower Dark Sect."

Lucas raised an eyebrow, recalling his encounter with Sora Su in the eastern region. "Who are the Su family?" he asked, curiosity piqued.

"They're a powerful family based in the north," Jeric explained, his voice tinged with bitterness. "They have a vested interest in the eastern region and could have orchestrated this entire scheme to achieve their goals."

Lucas nodded, his mind deep in thought. As he



lifted Jeric to his feet, a sense of foreboding settled in his chest, hinting that there was more to the story than met the eye.

"Forget about it," Lucas advised, his tone taking on a fatherly warmth. "Focus on settling things with the Flower Dark Sect and keep a close eye on the Su family. Control your anger. Remember, the people following you are not mere objects, but your subjects."

Jeric nodded, the weight of Lucas's words sinking in. "Yes, Senior."

Lucas corrected him with a small smile. "I go by Lucas. I'm a rogue cultivator and don't have a family name."

Jeric's eyes widened in surprise. "You're a rogue cultivator? You're not from the Flower Dark Sect?"

Lucas chuckled softly. "I already mentioned that I'm a rogue. Why would I be associated with them? I was simply resting above their lands and unintentionally did them a favor."

Jeric was filled with awe and admiration. He couldn't fathom how someone like Lucas could

exist.

'He's so righteous!' Jeric thought. 'He must be incredibly powerful to have such a humble demeanor.'

Noticing Jeric's admiration, Lucas quickly brought him back to reality with a gentle push to his head. "Don't look at me like I'm some kind of benevolent god. I'm just different from all of you."

He turned to face the wall behind him, changing his robe to an outer court disciple's robe. "Aren't you bothered that all of your techniques are gone?" he asked.

Lucas felt fortunate that he had already read all the highly graded books. If he hadn't, the wasted opportunity to gain knowledge would have disheartened him.

Jeric finally grasped the gravity of the situation and rushed to his bookshelves, sobbing over the ruined pieces of his collection. "No way! I haven't learned everything yet!" he cried out in dismay.

Lucas couldn't help but suppress a laugh as he watched the scene unfold. He thought to himself, 'It's a shame I can't tell him I already read

everything.'

Before long, a group of cultivators appeared, panting and out of breath. They all looked for Jeric, determining if he was alright. Upon spotting the unknown figure in the outer court disciple robe, they immediately brandished their swords.

"What have you done? Where is our master?" they demanded, pointing their weapons at Lucas.

Lucas arched an eyebrow, amused by their domineering auras. He assessed their cultivation bases with ease, noting their levels. "5th level of the Master Spirit Realm, 3rd level of the same stage, as well as the peak of the Warrior Spirit Realm..." he murmured, leaving the group speechless and agitated.

"How could you possibly know our cultivation bases? You're nothing more than an outer court disciple!" one of them spat.

"Perhaps he's a spy, slandering our robe. He must be punished!" another declared, readying his sword.

As the group of cultivators advanced towards him, Lucas remained calm, unperturbed by their threatening posture. Suddenly, a wave of pressure surged from behind him, emanating from Jeric.

"Stand down, all of you! There is nothing to fear," Jeric commanded, and the cultivators stiffened as they caught sight of their master.

In a chorus of relief and joy, they greeted Jeric with cheers. But when they saw that Lucas was still present, they began to push and shove him, trying to remove him from their midst.

Jeric intervened, his eyes flashing with anger. "You do not disrespect a senior! Remember your honor!" he roared at the offending cultivator, delivering a swift kick to the disciple's side.

As the group realized that Lucas was a senior, they all bowed and clasped their hands, their earlier aggression forgotten.

Lucas observed the proceedings with a serene smile, feeling a sense of satisfaction at the show of respect. "Well, it's not too bad being a senior," he remarked to himself.



Lucas turned to Jeric, his expression serious.
"Shall we go to the Flower Dark Sect now?"

Jeric hesitated, wary of Lucas's motives. "Please forgive me for my frankness, Senior. I do not trust your words. If I go there, your words may prove to be false, and I will end up dead before I realize it."

Lucas shook his head, his tone light. "If I wanted to kill you, I could do it now. I have no need to drag you to the Flower Dark Sect. But if it will ease your mind, I can bring Thomas here for you to speak with. He will listen to me, whether he wants to or not."

Jeric bowed his head in gratitude. "I am grateful that you spared my life, Senior Lucas."

Lucas nodded and, with a flick of his wrist, activated a reverse spell fueled by his third energy. As the spell took effect, the once charred room was suddenly restored to its original state, except for the burned books. The power of the third energy was still weak, and the spell could only affect natural objects like rocks and trees.

The sight was awe-inspiring, and even Jeric was left speechless.



"Alright then, I'm done here," Lucas announced, turning to leave. However, before he could take a step, Jeric spoke up.

"Please, Senior Lucas, stay and spend a day with us."

Lucas raised an eyebrow, surprised by the sudden invitation. "Why do you want me to stay?"

Jeric hesitated but finally spoke up. "I want to learn from someone like you. How have you managed to maintain your youth despite living a long life?"

Lucas was taken aback by the request but couldn't help but feel flattered.

"I'm not sure what to say, but I suppose there's no harm in making a new friend. And please, don't call me 'Senior.' Just 'Young Master' will suffice."

He felt guilty being revered as a senior because he knew he wasn't an expert in the field. Therefore, being called "young master" was enough for him to momentarily forget his ignorance.



Jeric was confused by the sudden change but nodded in agreement.

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